

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia January 21, 1904.

\$1.00 a Year

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DR. U. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEBAY, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,
DENTIST,
Marlinton and Academy, W. Va.
Graduate University of Maryland.
Dentistry practiced in all its bran-
ches.
Office in Bank of Marlinton build-
ing.

G. W. DUNCAN,
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All calls by phone and mail
promptly answered.

**West Virginia Citizens Trust and
Guarantee Company**
This company will furnish bonds
of all county, state and municipal
officers; fiduciary bonds, such as
administrators, guardians, etc.;
junction bonds; bank officials,
agents, indemnifying bonds, a
court bonds of all kinds; attach-
ment bonds, etc., etc., etc.
T. S. McNEEL.

GUERRILLA WARFARE.

THE AMBUSH ON GREENBRIER RIVER.

In Which Seven Troopers were
Killed.

As the rigors of winter have
kept me much indoors I have not
been able to use my cane present-
ed me as a Christmas gift by a
member of the Marlinton bar. I
have not been on a recent tramp
and must draw on reminiscences.
The case referred to has a history
to the effect that it grew on one
of the Richmond battlefields, in
a place called with fraternal blood
and was fashioned by an inmate
of the Old Soldier's Home.

My thoughts revert to a Sab-
bath morning, April 18th, 1862.
To the people then dwelling in
the beautiful Highland Valley,
wherein the town of McDowell is
located that was a morning of
painful suspense for General Mil-
roy's army was momentarily ex-
pected from Monterey. The citi-
zens, who felt obliged to leave
home, were busily preparing to
be off at a moment's warning.

About sunset the evening be-
fore I saddled up Harry Lightfoot
and packed up my effects for an
indefinite absence and took my
departure just before the Confed-
erate troops passed through on
their way to new quarters on She-
nandoah Mountain. About two
miles from McDowell I stopped
for the night at the home of Ew-
ing Devier, from whom I learned
the particulars that make up the
most of this article.

Mr. Devier was one of a squad
of guerrilla scouts who had oper-
ated about Cheat Mountain the
previous summer and was one of
the party that ambushed Union
cavalry at the bridge over the west
prong of Greenbrier River on the
Parkersburg road, near where the
town of Durbin now stands. It
seems, from the way Mr. Devier
told his story that when the Con-
federates retired from the North-
west after the Rich Mountain dis-
aster several of the citizens or-
ganized a band with a view to
cutting off the Federal scouts and
check their pursuit after the pan-
ic stricken Confederates whose
precipitate retreat across Cheat
Mountain is so vividly remember-
ed by our older people in upper
Pocahontas.

These patriots upon hearing
the doleful news requested their
wives and daughters to fix up
something good to eat, enough
for several days, and to do it
quick for they were determined
that General McClelland should
not cross Cheat Mountain without
a brush, and if he did not look
sharp that mountain would be his
grave, and he would be cheated
out of his notion of going to Rich-
mond by the McDowell route,
anyhow.

The citizens referred to natu-
rally preferred their own tried and
trustworthy rifles with which in former
days, they had brought down
many a bounding deer, and ray-
ing bear, in those very forests
now swarming with the pursuing
federal troops. Nine or ten met
at the home of a Mr. Gum on
Back Alleghany and agreed on a
plan of operation. After several
hours spent in clambering over
rocks and crawling through dense
thickets of brush, briars and
laurel, they succeeded in reach-
ing the west Prong Bridge, when
they had planned to wait for the
enemy. This plan was modified
after hearing from a citizen of
the vicinity, who was near the
road the day before reported that
about forty of the federal cavalry
scouted nearly a mile to the east
and returned. Thereupon it was
thought advisable to reserve their
fire, permit the scouts to pass
find out how many there were "to
let them have it in the back."

With a view to this, they chose
their positions. In a short while
eight finely mounted and well
equipped men appeared moving
cautiously down the mountain
and they were supposed to be the
advance guard of a squadron of
cavalry. Contrary to expectation

these horsemen did not come upon
the bridge, but suddenly wheeled
to one side and rode into the
stream, to let their horses drink
and cross below the bridge. It
is supposed this move was taken
to avoid the rumbling noise, that
would be made by their horses
on the bridge and in that way
fail to attract attention and pos-
sibly they might surround a house
not far beyond and take some
"peace prisoners" supposed to
be there as "pickets." By this un-
looked for movement the men in
ambush found they would be
rode over and discovered as soon
as the stream would be thus
forded. It seemed to them now
the only chance for their es-
cape lay in firing at once upon the
supposed advance squad and hide
themselves before the others
could come up.

The horses were quietly drink-
ing, their riders were conversing
in subdued tones while our scouts
selected each his man. One of
the troopers drew the reins and
started over, this was the signal
for opening fire. The thrilling
report of the first rifle was heard
the others followed in rapid suc-
cession and all with fatal effect.
Six fell into the water, and when
the smoke cleared away, they
were seen struggling in dying
agonies. The seventh was dis-
mounted but was holding himself
up by his horse's mane. The
other dashed across the river,
passed the scouts without being
noticed, but when discovered was
about a hundred yards off, look-
ing on as if he was endeavoring
to find out what was going on
anyhow, our scouts supposing him
to be one of a party that had
probably passed before they
reached the bridge immediately
took to the woods, leaving all be-
hind.

So soon as they had thus dis-
appeared the surviving trooper
dashed back, rushed the bridge
and fled up the mountain at the
topmost speed. The citizen
scouts now thinking that prudence
is the better part of valor con-
tinued their retreat by the way
along which they had come.

They disbanded by mutual con-
sent and returned to their respec-
tive homes. In connection
with this affair, Mr. Devier told
of this touching incident which
still haunts my memory and
awakens my sympathetic feelings.
Two of the party were young and
handsome men and were very
near each other, when fired upon.
One was shot first and as he fell
forward upon his horse's neck and
was trying to hold on, his com-
rade turned, caught him by the
arm and was in the act of leading
him away, when a fatal bullet
pierced him between the shoulders.
Both fell together, their blood
flowing in a mingled stream as
they struggled together in dying
throes and expired almost literally
in each others arms. Their fate
would prompt copious tears were
it not for the thought that they
were slain by men who had sweet
homes to defend, and lovely fam-
ilies to protect. By some means
or other Mr. Devier's name,
became known to the federal and
he was advised to glide arrest by
keeping with or near the Confed-
erate army. About 8 o'clock
that April, Sabbath morning,
while the pheasants were busily
drumming in the distant woods
from us, we imagined that we
heard the drums of the expected
army under the Milroy. In less
time than it takes to tell it my
patriotic friend, and his oldest
son a Confederate volunteer, were
on their way to the camp on She-
nandoah Mountain, leaving the
much attached family outside the
Confederate lines and the parting
scene was deeply affecting.

One of the family a youth of
sixteen years was down with
fever and I staid by him to
give the medicine while the bur-
ied parting scene was passing.
For a time the mother and
daughters retired to weep, with
brokenness of heart and gloomy
apprehension of impending trouble
so sadly had they been impressed
by the horrible rumours that were
in circulation.

Upon becoming composed they
returned to the room, and one the
reasons relieved me of my charge.
The mother handed me the Bible
and had me examine the eleventh
chapter of Daniel, telling me that
different persons had referred to
it as a portion of Scripture pro-
phesy, having its fulfillment "in
these our times." It was not long
after reading the chapter and some
conversation about its contents, I
was overcome with a drowsiness
so intense that I fell into a pro-
found slumber on my chair that
continued for hours and from
which I awoke much refreshed
and invigorated. In my sleep I
had dreamed of war, and about
what I had been reading, and upon
awakening my thoughts turned to
what was at the time an all absorb-
ing subject. A sweet impression
fastened itself upon my mind that
there would soon be peace, and
I felt very much inclined to con-
verse cheerfully with my sorrow-
ing friends around me.

Our pleasant interview late that
Sabbath afternoon was disturbed
however by seeing Mrs. Henrietta
Sitlington, a well known lady of
the McDowell vicinity riding up
to the stile in a great hurry and
she called for some one to come
out, in a very exciting manner.
Mrs. Devier hastened to her and
soon I was called for, but before
I could reach the stile she had dis-
mounted and beckoned me to
withdraw to ourselves. She told
me in very suppressed tones of
voice that the Federals had just
reached McDowell in full force.
Three or four of the cavalry rode
up to a house near the bridge and
asked for something to eat, be-
given them to use while on their
horses.

The proprietor had kindly in-
vited them to dismount and come
in, where a good dinner should be
prepared for them. The troopers
declined for the reason that they
were in a great hurry to be after
the rebels, and they were now on
their way to capture Staunton.

The Confederate had left for
their camp on Shaws Fork about
thirty minutes previously to the
arrival of the Union army, to re-
port no enemy advancing nor any
where insight. There was every

MUSQUAW, THE BEAR.

A Study in Natural History for The Times.

Musquaw, the Bear, of the Western Waters,
Hunted a hole for his winter quarters.
A big he-bear with a waddling gait,
He had worked for months as he ate and ate—
All summer long he had put on fat,
In the fruitful woods of his habitat,
For bears that were lauk and lean he knew,
Were doomed to walk all the winter through,
And be hampered by man and the baying hound,
Till the snow went off and barred the ground,
So Musquaw delved in the ground for roots,
He fed on the nettles' tender shoots,
Dug for ants, and followed the bees,
To their hives in the hearts of hollow trees—
Honey and berries yield saccharine
To keep his best bears from being lean—
And many a log he had ripped apart,
For the grubs that cheered his gourmand's heart,
And maybe a deer, but never a sheep,
For crime would disturb his winter sleep,
And rich, meaty mast in the wate of the year,
Added fitting touch to the season's cheer.
Musquaw was honest and when in the fall,
He left missus for good and all,
He was ready to lay him down to sleep,
For a good five months in his denjon keep.
He was far too big for a hollow tree
In fallen timber and rocks did he
Find a place near a rocky ledge,
Sheltered and dry on the mountain's edge,
And he made himself a soft warm nest.
When there was naught to disturb his rest,
Sealed the back door with gum called "tappen,"
The want of which prevents much napping,
Did up his stomach in muscle and string,
And laid it away for use next spring.
He rolled in bed where he slumbers sound,
Not to wake all winter nor lose a pound;
The snow falls softly and hides his lair,
While Musquaw drowsily lurks there,
Sacking his paws in his slumbers deep,
Blesses the bear that invented sleep.

reason to believe what she report-
ed was true, and I saw at a glance
that if the Unionists were advanc-
ing and should ambuscade the
Bull Pasture mountain to cut off
the scouts that might be sent out
the Confederates would be in their
power and the capture or stam-
pede of the squadron of cavalry
would surely follow. It seemed
easy for me to see also that should
this occur that it would greatly
embarrass the operations of the
infantry in the east base of the
Shenandoah Mountain and might
possibly lead to very serious con-
sequences. In less than five min-
utes I had my horse and luggage
ready to cross the mountain by a
near cut and report what I heard
to General Johnson. To my great
chagrin I found Harry Lightfoot
so lame he could scarcely put one
of his forefeet to the ground.
Nevertheless I had made up my
mind to try it on a three legged
horse. Just as I was in the act
of mounting and making a start
anyhow, a six year old servant
boy belonging to Ex-Governor
Joseph Johnson, who had spent
the winter in a log tenement near
Mr. Devier's, as a refugee, passed
by on a strong, good looking
horse.

We see a lot of papers writing
spontaneous effusions as to that
pearl without price, known as the
Hon. W. S. Edwards. And
when they have written there
seems to be a half tone engraving
handy with which to illustrate
the heart out pourings of the
classical features of that worthy
individual. Now cuts do not
grow on the bushes that surround
the average West Virginia print-
ing office so we surmise that these
cuts must have arrived by mail
and there are so many of them
that they look like syndicate mat-
ter after they had been observed
in numerous papers. If the Hon.
Mr. Edwards gets the nomination
it will be due to the lavish use of
Printer's Ink.

Dentistry Notice.
Dr. E. B. Hill, dentist is now
in Marlinton for the 1st to 30th
of each month; Cass Jan. 21st for
five days; Durbin, Jan. 27th for
three days.

Pertaining to Candidates.

We are trying to lead a better
life. Therefore while we will
gladly receive the announcements
of candidates offering for office at
the rate of five dollars per head to
run until the candidate knows the
worst, we have determined not to
write any puffs on the side, in the
nature of obituary notices. It is
very true that there is good which
can be said of any man, but we
are not ready writers. We do
not look for many candidates this
year for nearly everybody has
worked and there is no vast army
of unemployed seeking a job
even at the cannon's mouth. It
was not so in former years. We
remember one campaign in which
we had over a column of announce-
ment cards. We started off by
extolling the candidate who first
announced himself and kept it up
to the end. It was a great strain
on the moral character. We
often thought of the custom that
is said to prevail in some parts
of the country when a citizen has
departed.

When his remains lie in state
the neighbors pass by and stop-
ping a moment to say a word
each in praise of the dead. On
one occasion an old Irishman
stopped and said solemnly: "He
was a good smoker."

How often we have canvassed
the reputation of the candidate
and felt at a loss for a word of
commendation. How often we
have received the notices from
opposing candidates the same
week and prepared a little side
editorial for each trimming and
shaping them so that each would
weigh the same. A job like that
is what makes a man feel weak.
Now we propose to drop the per-
fidious practice and give no gra-
tuitous endorsements.

Does the public accept the por-
tunary apology of the editor
when a candidate takes the plunge?
Most certainly not, my son. In-
stead of being impressed by the
polite phrases, the public remem-
bers many things not good for his
soul's well fare.

He drinks, he swears, he is a
hypocrite, he oppresses the poor,
he lies, he abuses his wife, he
provideth not for his family, he is
an infidel, he pleads the statute of
limitations, he trades horses, and
he is wise in his own conceit.

Indeed the independent citi-
zens go back often for three or
four generations and remember
how they had sworn vengeance
against his grandfather and all
descendants and they take their
spite out of the grand son's hide!

As all such interesting avenues
are closed to the newspaper it
seems too much to ask him to
write something good about every
one who comes out and in order
that everyone may know that we
have changed our policy and got
rid of a burden, we make this
announcement. Candidates are
welcome to advertising space but
we offer no banquet this year as a
premium.

The Fayette grand jury at its
late term found 181 indictments
of which 14 were for murder, 35
for other felonies, and 132 for
misdemeanors. The slaughter
in Fayette between terms equals
sometimes the casualties of a
South American revolution.

Appointments for January Edray Charge.

3rd, Sunday, Quarterly Meet-
ing at West Union. Preaching
Saturday at 11 a. m. followed by
Quarterly Conference. Preaching
Sunday at 11 a. m.
4th, Sunday, Mary's Chapel 11
a. m. and Blaty Fork 3 p. m.
5th, Sunday, Edray at 11 a. m.
Please note changes for this
month.

A. M. CRANTREE, P. E.

Notice to Stockholders.

The annual meeting of the
stockholders of the Bank of Mar-
linton will be held at its place of
business on Tuesday, January
26th, 1904.

F. R. HUNTER,
Secretary.

Deer Creek Road.

Ever since the railroad was
built the people of Greenbank
District have wanted a good
wagon road to Cass, the depot
which furnishes the bulk of the
supplies to that district.

It was one of the first roads
projected and would possibly
have been built long ago but the
citizens interested disagreed as to
the best route and appeared be-
fore the county court with cross
petitions. It was remarked then
to those who knew the workings
of courts that no road would be
built as the county would take no
action until the petitioners agreed
upon the location.

The matter dropped for some
years but at the last term of the
court it was brought up again by
a petition that indicates that a
route has been agreed upon and
there seems a fair chance for the
road to be built this season.

A road with the best of grades
can be secured up Deer Creek.
Cass is at the mouth of Deer
Creek and all that would be nec-
essary would be to follow up the
banks of the stream until the road
reaches the present location at the
foot of the mountain.

There is at present a trail over
the mountain but it is very steep
at all times and this winter has
become dangerous and all but im-
passable.

A road down Deer Creek will
be easier built than any of the
new roads built in the last few
years to intersect the railroad.

There has been something ex-
pended for every depot of impor-
tance on the new line. Durbin
having a fine pike had it put in
order and a bridge allowed.

Forrest has got two good roads.
Cloverlick the Laurel Creek road.
Marlinton a new road to Hunter-
ville. Seebert a good road out to
Academy. Beard a good road
out to the Droop Mountain road.

Cass has not had an appropri-
ation and a town that the county
may well be proud of has sprung
up at the mouth of Deer Creek.
The houses are well built and
tastefully painted. An electric
light gives it the appearance of a
city after night. Water has been
piped all over town. The largest
hotel in the county is there.

One of the finest saw mills in the
State is located there and the
spur railroad to Cheat makes it
the supply point for the lumber-
ing operations on Cheat River.
Yet the town has the same old
trails that existed before this
large town was built there. A
narrow primitive road on which
the farmers from Back Alleghany
used to travel to get to Green-
bank to vote.

Around the village of Green-
bank is a populous country which
depends upon Cass for its freights.
It would be a very good appropri-
ation to build the two and one
half miles necessary to give these
people a road over which a team
can haul a decent load and
which will give them access to
the railroad at all seasons of the
year.

Preaching Notice for January.

3rd Sunday—Mary's Chapel,
11 a. m., Marlinton 7:30 p. m.
4th Sunday, New Hope, 11 a.
m., Mount Tabor 7:30.

S. G. COLLISON.

Democratic Executive Committee.

The Democratic Executive
Committee is called to meet at the
office of the Chairman on Satur-
day, January 23, 1904, at 1
o'clock p. m.

T. S. McNEEL,
Chairman.

NORMAN R. PRICE, M. D.

MARLINTON, W. VA.
Office in the Bank of Marlinton
building.

During the Boer War the Brit-
ish soldiers got drunk at times by
eating the cordite out of their car-
tridges. What a fearful bust to
go upon.

Back in '61.

The first months of year of the
Civil War, the South was flush in
resources, proud, defiant and full
of hope and expectation of a suc-
cessful warfare. Texan volun-
teers told us how impatient they
were to start for fear they would
not reach Virginia in time to
march on and help capture Wash-
ington City: they had time enough
if they had only known it. Yes,
the Confederate soldiers had nice
new gray uniforms, shiner guns,
etc., and they had regular rations
of some sort, the "boys"
were wont to complain jocularly
of the "hard tack" which they
would string on wires and hang
in the James River or jump on
the bluffs with their feet to break
them, also that they could dis-
tinctly read 1812 on the hard
tack that had been left over from
that war.

Four years of marching, battles,
camp-fires and night vigils cruelly
wore the bright uniform down
until a way faring soldier hardly
looked natural unless he were
dingy, ridiculously patched or
ragged, and for empty stomachs
you never saw such hungry men.
Truly, it was a reasonable joke if
a grim one that was played on
the then new French book, "Les
Misérables," (Lec's Misérables.)
But the horrors of war, we have
only been adventuring to its incon-
veniences. The woes might
almost justify Quakers and Men-
nonites in condemning war under
all circumstances. Said an old
father as he bade adieu to his
son for the Crimea in the Allied
Forces of England and France
against Russia, "there goes my
poor boy to fight people he never
saw and never had a difference
with."

For some months of '61 after
the fateful April, the graves of
soldiers were few and far between
and we read continually of little
skirmishes and "nobody hurt."
But many bodies were hurt after a
while and soldiers' graves were
thick as "leaves in Vallambrosa."
Cruel selfish wicked men arose
during the war who fattened
themselves on the suffering needs
of others and they were called
speculators. How right-minded
people scorned them. They
seemed to have nine lives like
cats, until it became a standing
joke, "five dollars to see a specu-
lator's grave." But soldiers
graves! Oh, how many and how
sad they were in those days of
four years that dragged their slow
weary length along like a wounded
snake.

Early in '61 after weeping
April with its few smiles of sun-
shine, an engagement occurred
on James River. A blue-coated,
strong, manly fellow was mortally
wounded and lay dying on the
sands. Alone! Ah, he felt the
meaning of that word. By chance
or sent by some kind guardian
spirit a youthful soldier garbed in
gray passed by and deeply touched
at the sight before him knelt be-
side his fallen foe, lifted the
sinking head and spoke tenderly,
offering any assistance possible.
A warm and grateful heart re-
sponded in the wan smile as
the hurt one lifted his arm and
threw it around the others neck
in affectionate embrace, feebly
uttering, "pray for me!" And
so the two did pray together, and
God heard, we know. They wore
different colored coats below, they
were a few minutes or hours be-
fore ranged on opposite sides of
strife, yet, were they brothers at
heart and so doubtless the Lord
viewed them, and blessed them
both in death and life,
for one died on the sands
and the other went back to his
post, a wiser and a better youth
for the help he gave a comrade in
blue.

A. L. P.
The Highland Recorder thanks
the County Court of this county
for the new bridge ordered to be
built at Travelers Rest. High-
land deserves everything we can
afford to give her. We are not
so certain that remembering past
things that we could be as gener-
ous with Bath County.